Ambo. Was neuer Orphanes had a dearer losse.
Du. Was neuer mother had a dearer losse:
Alas I am the mother of these mones,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for Edward weepes, and so doe I:
I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weepe, and so doe I:
I for an Edward weepe, so doe not they.
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest,
Poure all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Gloucest.*
Gl. Madame haue comfort, al of vs haue cause, *with others.*
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them,
Madame my mother, I doe crie you mercy,
I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.
Du. God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy minde,
Loue, charity, obedience, and true duety.
Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
Thats the butt end of a mothers blessing:
I maruell why her Grace did leaue it out.
Buck. You cloudy Princes, and hart-sorrowing peeres
That beare this mutuall heauy lode of moane:
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue spent our haruest of this King,
We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinterd, knit, and ioynd etogether,
Must gently be preseru'd, cherisht and kept,
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.
Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine,
Who they shalbe that straight shall post to Ludlow:
Madame, and you my mother will you go,
To giue your censures in this waighty busines,
Ans. With all our hearts. *Exeunt man, Glo. Buck.*

Buck.

Buck. My Lord who euer iourneies to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two stay behinde:
For by the way Ile sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talkt of,
To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King.
Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistory:
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cosen:
I like a childe will go by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde.

Enter two Cittizens.

1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1 Heare you the newes abroad?
2 I, that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill prooue a troublous world. *Ent. another Citt.*
3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.
Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1 It doth. 3 Then masters looke to see a troublous world
1 No no, by Gods good grace his sonne shall raigne.
3 Woe to that land thats gouernd by a childe.
2 In him there is a hope of gouernement,
That in his nonage counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeres himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1 So stoode the state when Harry the six:
Was crownd at Paris, but at ix. moneths olde.
3 Stoode the state so? no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously enricht
With politike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vnckles to protect his Grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest:
Will touch vs all too neare, if God preuent not,
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
And the Queenes kindred hauty and proud,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22314) LONDON, 1597 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[4]) Octavo